Should I try death by duſſons: I am mop't,
Food tooke I none theſe two daies.
Sipt ſome water. I have not cloſd mine eyes
Save when my lids ſcowrd off their bine; alas
Diſſolue my life, Let not my ſence unſettle
Leaſt I ſhould drowne, or ſtab or hang my ſelfe.
O ſtate of Nature, faile together in me,
Since thy beſt props are warpt: So which way now?
The beſt way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant ſtep beſide is torment. Loe
The Moone is down, the Crickets chirpe, the Schreichowle
Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
Save what I faile in: But the point is this
An end, and that is all. *Exit.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I ſhould be neere the place, hoa. Coſen *Palamon.*
Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The ſame: I have brought you foode and files,
Come forth and feare not, here's no *Theſeus.*

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt *Arcite.*

Arc. That's no matter,
Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
You ſhall not dye thus beaſtly, here Sir drinke
I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightſt now poyſon me.

Arc. I might.
But I muſt feare you firſt: Sit downe, and good now
No more of theſe vaine parlies; let us not
Having our ancient reputation with us
Make talke for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray ſit downe then, and let me entreate you
By all the honeſty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman, t'will diſturbe us,
We ſhall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a draug

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has m

Pal. Yes,

Arc. I am glad you have ſo good

Pal. I am gladder I have ſo good m

Arc. Is't not mad lodging here in th

Pal. Yes, for then that have wilde

Arc. How taſts your vittails? your hu

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: ſweete C

Arc. Veniſon.

Pal. Tis a luſty meate:
Giue me more wine; here *Arcite* to the
We have known in our daies. The Lor
Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did ſo; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard ſome call hi

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbour:
What did ſhe there Cuz? play o'th virg

Arc. Something ſhe did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth fo

Arc. The Marſhals Siſter,
Had her ſhare too, as I remember Coſe
Elſe there be tales abroade, you'l pled

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench t'is-Th
When yong men went a hunting, and a
And a broade Beech: and thereby han

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life; Foole
Away with this ſtraind mirth; I ſay aga
That ſigh was breathd for *Emily*; baſe
Dar'ſt thou breake firſt?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, ther's no

G

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